

heal the scars from off my back; i don't need them anymore by reallylikeseggos

Series: [it was always you \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Sometimes she forgot that they had been through hell, and sometimes she couldn't escape it. In both scenarios, all she ever had to do was look at him, and she felt peace.

heal the scars from off my back; i don't need them anymore

Author's Note:

i could be writing my midterm essay right now.

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also, listen to 'welcome home' by radical face for extra feels if ur into that kinda thing

February, 1994

Click.

El Byers' ears perked to the distant sound of the brass knob, signaling the front door to the small apartment had been unlocked.

She looked up from her laptop, her eyebrows scrunching together in confusion.

"Mike?" she called, leaning to look through the bedroom door.

The door squeaked open, El rising from her spot on the queen-sized bed. She pushed back the stray hairs falling from her messy bun, tiptoeing to peek out of the bedroom door.

That Thursday morning in the shared apartment had started like any other; the piercing beeping of the alarm clock waking El and never Mike, El gently prodding him to wake up, El taking her turn to make breakfast. Mike hadn't been feeling particularly well in the recent weeks, she'd noted. The latest projects at work had forced him to stay awake longer than someone probably should. She tried her best to help him, but he insisted that she had her own online classes to worry about, and that she didn't need to worry about him.

But as she walked the short hall leading to the entryway of the apartment, worried was all she felt.

She was greeted to the sight of her fiancé, hanging his coat on the back of the door as he sniffled. El sighed, closing the distance and

immediately finding his hand to take into her smaller one. “Is everything okay?”

Mike smiled as he looked down to meet her gaze, lacing their fingers. “It was annoying everyone on the project that I wouldn’t stop yawning. I should’ve listened to you.”

“You should have, mouthbreather,” she tried to scold, though her light tone and obvious concern gave her away. She took his other hand and gave it a light squeeze, his skin cold from the winter air.

“Remind me to listen to you more often,” he teased, leaning down to press a kiss to her hair. “I’ll be okay, don’t worry. Is that my shirt?”

She looked down at the oversized striped shirt and her pair of leggings. “Um-”

“I hope you’re not about to apologize, I like it. It looks good on you.”

She felt her cheeks burn as she smiled, standing on her tiptoes to press a kiss to his cheek. “You’re cold. Come on, I’m making hot chocolate.”

Mike didn’t have time to protest before he was being dragged to the tiny kitchen. Not that he minded, of course.

Two cups of hot chocolate (each) later, El found herself on the couch watching the Star Wars movies for what seemed like the thousandth time since she met Mike.

To her delight, Mike had decided to take a long weekend to relax and recover. He returned in sweatpants by the time she finished warming the kettle, and they decided there was no better way to spend the day than to be curled up and watching Mike’s favorite movies.

Which was exactly what happened, as he had fallen asleep shortly before the start of the second movie. And if El was being honest with

herself, she was enjoying the sound of his soft snores more than anything on the screen.

She sighed with content, snuggling her head further into the crook of his neck as his arm rested across her shoulders.

She had no problem letting him sleep – he deserved the rest.

Sometimes she forgot that they had been through hell, and sometimes she couldn't escape it. In both scenarios, all she ever had to do was look at him, and she felt peace. *He* was her peace, and she was his. And she couldn't believe they had ever survived five years apart.

She closed her eyes, lightly squeezing the hand she held in hers again – every time reassuring herself that he was here, the bad men were gone, and nothing would ever get in between them again.

Mike awoke sometime hours later to a blank, blue screen on the TV.

He looked around, noting the sun was now down, and the wall clock read something around 1 A.M. He yawned, looking down at his sleeping fiancée. He smiled, her peaceful face filling his heart with adoration. He had half a mind to wake her up, but as he listened to her soft breathing, he decided that leaving her asleep wouldn't be a bad idea.

He maneuvered the arm around her shoulders carefully, letting her hand go with his other arm to loop it under her knees. He grabbed the remote to turn the TV off, before standing slowly as to not wake her.

El's eyebrows scrunched together and she groaned in her sleep, burying her face further into his chest. Mike chuckled softly, shaking his head as he walked to their shared bedroom.

He set her down gently on her side, knowingly pulling two blankets over her body.

He began to walk to the living room to place the empty mugs in the sink before he heard it.

“Mike,” she mumbled in her sleep, turning to face away from where he was standing.

“El?” he whispered, walking over to his side of the bed and leaning across.

Her face contorted suddenly, a painful expression crossing her sleeping features as she spoke, louder this time. “N-no!”

He crawled into the bed, swiftly moving to hold her bridal style again. He pulled her into his chest. “El, please, wake up,” he whispered into her ear as he rocked her back and forth slowly, pressing a kiss to her hair. “It’s just a nightmare. I’m here. Please, wake up!”

“STOP!” she screamed suddenly, writhing frantically in Mike’s arms.

“EL, WAKE UP!” he yelled, hating the feeling of directing a raised tone at her, but he was desperate.

Her brown eyes flew open, immediately finding the concerned expression of her fiancé looking right back at her. She attempted to control her breathing as Mike rubbed her back, burying his face into the crook of her neck as he whispered comforting words to her.

You’re safe.

I’m right here.

It was just a nightmare.

You don’t need to be scared anymore.

No one is going to hurt you.

I’m not going anywhere.

She drew in a shaky breath, curling into his chest and finding comfort in his words. She sat up to take him into her arms, clutching his t

shirt in her palms as he felt her silent tears running down his neck.

He felt his throat constricting as he swallowed thickly – he hated that she held this burden. He hated that *they* did this to her.

And he couldn't do a damn thing about it.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, closing her eyes as she pulled back to rest her forehead against his. Mike shook his head.

"El, listen to me," he started softly, gently holding her face in his hands. "You have nothing to be sorry for. Nothing that happened is your fault, and it's all in the past now, okay? It's you and me. Just you and me, and we don't have to worry about anyone getting in the way of that anymore."

She nodded in understanding, deep breaths becoming easier as she listened to his voice.

They sat in silence for a few moments, Mike studying her face as her eyes closed, focusing on her breathing.

Relief washed over him when her eyes opened again, a small smile gracing her features. He stroked his thumbs over her cheeks, smiling right back at her.

"I love you, so much," she whispered, her eyes glassy for a completely different reason. "Thank you."

He laughed, shaking his head. "I love you El, I always will. More than I can even say."

She laughed along with him, the joy radiating between them taking over any fear and sadness leftover from their past. She often wondered how lucky she had to be to be found in the rain by him, and how easily it could have been someone else.

He still cradled her face as he leaned to kiss her lovingly, which she immediately accepted. Even when mixed with her salty tears, she felt her heart soar as it always did when he kissed her.

They pulled away after a few moments, Mike brushing the stray hairs

out of her face and offering her a small smile. Her stomach fluttered as the moonlight from their window illuminated his features, his freckles that she adored just barely visible.

They slept soundly that night, no nightmares or bad men to interrupt them. And when the alarm didn't go off that Friday morning and Mike awoke to his fiancée asleep on his chest with their fingers still intertwined, he decided that getting some more sleep wouldn't be a bad idea.

Author's Note:

this was a random fluffy idea that turned into
something life destroying.
ur welcome